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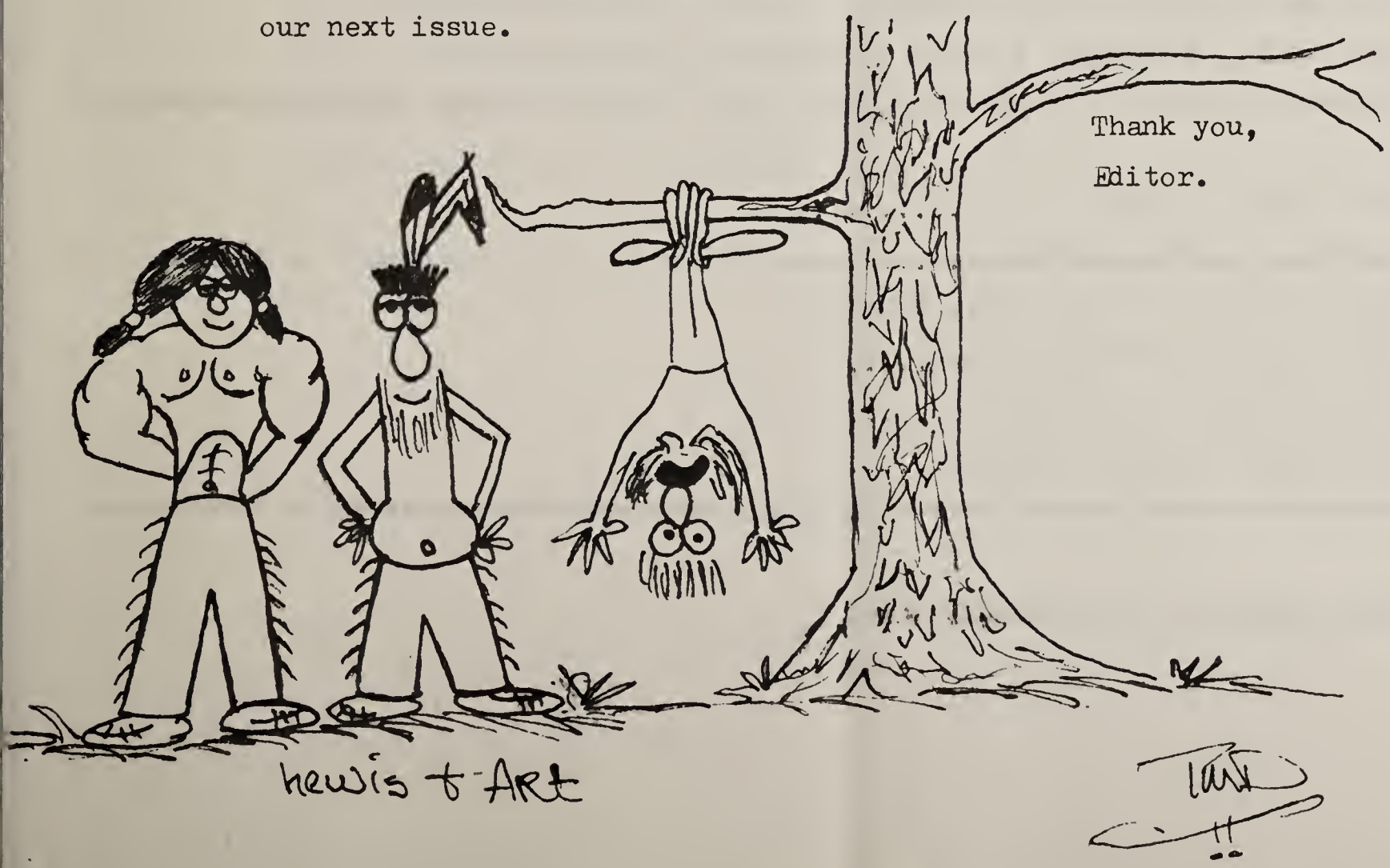
EDITOR'S NOTE:

I would like to express my aplogy for the Hunter being somewhat rather late, the New Hunter Staff was just elected and the Hunter was set back because of delays in the layout and Articles that couldn't be wrote up in time and therefore we will promise a more presentable newsletter in our next issue.



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The same principle applies to our spirit, if we do not exercise our spirit, it too will become weak and inefficient. The approach we are using to exercise our spirits is based on the Native American Religious beliefs, not the text books or holy word versions, but the traditional beliefs of our ancestors.

We must stop putting our spiritual leaders on a pedistool, they are human beings like the rest of us. They get angry, and frustrated at times.

They suffer the difference is they are serious about exercising their spirits. Beyond that there is only one god, to our ancestors that was the Great Spirit. I was onced confused about religious beliefs of our ancestors.

Until one of my Grandfathers told me this story, he said, long ago when the first missionaries came to our land, they called them the Black Robes, because of their style of dress.

Well one of these black robes came into the village with an interpreter, and the people welcomed them, as was the custom of our people to prepare a feast for them. After the feast, the black robe began telling the people about the black book he carried. He told about Jesus and all the miracles he performed and about the Virgin Mary's birth, and how Moses parted the Red Sea, The black robe spoke of many things in the black book, when he finished his story the people thanked him and were happy and excited by the many wonderful things they heard. So one of the Elder spiritual leaders began telling the black robe about the Indian version of the Great Spirit and the sacred pipe, the sun dance, and the different animal beings, he spoke of the many different ways that we worshipped the Great Spirit.

But the black robe became angry and began shouting, "You heathens! you savages! I just got through telling you about Jesus as the only true way and you are telling me about all these other things, it's black magic and pagimism. All the people were stunned by the black robes reaction, and the people asked the black robes why don't you believe and accept what we told you, when you told us your story about this Jesus and all the miracels he performed, and of the Virgin Mary, and the man who made the great waters part.

We believed you, and all the other miracles of the black book, we believed you because we know that all things are possible with the Great Spirit.

(continued)

We place no limits on the Great Spirit, we know he comes to us in many ways and forms. This story illustrates the highly advanced thinking of our ancestors. They did not try to stop the individual growth, instead they encouraged each individual to grow to his or her full potential.

Our Grandfathers understood and praticed the concepts of positive thinking. There whole way of life was advanced to a very high degree of positive thinking, they not only thought positive, they praticed what they preached. Today I hear many people who say that the old ways of our Grandfathers are dead.

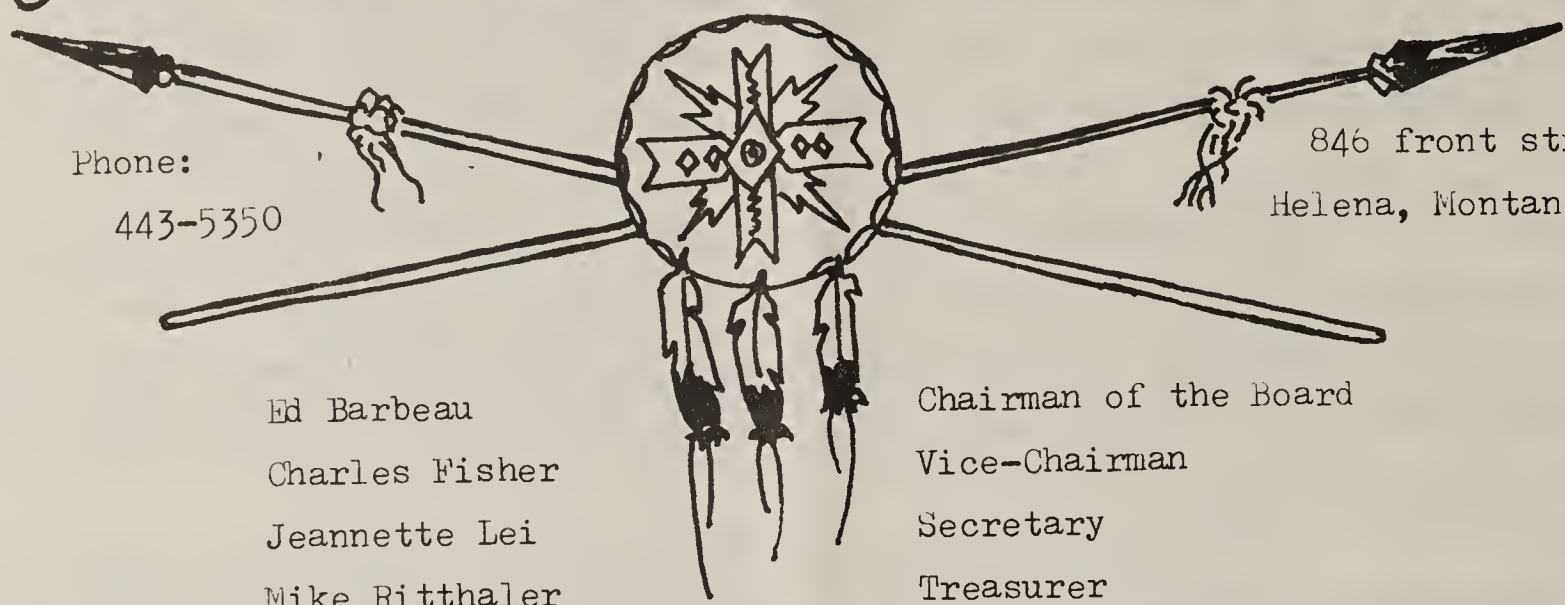
I do not believe, nor do I accept this. If those ways are dead, what are they doing in my head? We Indian people have had a hard time and we suffered a great deal. We must relearn to support and help one another free our minds of the negative forces of this world.

We are all humans, and we all make mistakes. There is an Indian prayer that describes what I'm tring to say, It is: "Great Spirit grant me the strenght that I may not critize my brother until I have walked a mile in his moccasins." Our work shop is open to any comment that you may want to make.

Stanley Many White Horses
Drug & Alcohol Cordinator

****

Montana United Indian Association



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"Just-us System"

Freedom isn't just a word, its something you lose. whenever an animal is cornered it's instinct is to fight to regain its freedom.

That was the sole purpose in the Constitution in the first place, to protect the people from injustices of the prosecution. But when the laws were wrote-up for the people it never included the Indian people. Anyone today knows or has at least heard of the Declaration of Independence, "We the People" stands to mean "Equal justice for All", So when you hear the word "Justice", sometimes it is very hard to understand when it doesn't apply when your skin isn't the same color, or you don't think the same way.

Take a look at the Montana Judical system, the word "Just-us" applies to those who has enough money to afford "Justice", or to those who see through the same eyes. The Montana State Prison is an example of the "Just-us" system, thirty percent of the population are Indian and their are five percent in the whole state of Montana. The "Just-us" system is in favor of the Indian people just as much as the B.I.A. is in favor of governing the Indian people on the reservations, their purpose is to limit the movements of the Indian people, that was the whole idea for the reservations in the first place, to keep the Indian people in one square area to keep the Indian people's limits in control.

So where do we stand in this "Equal Justice for All" issue, we don't, we might as well be refugies from another country, even they seem to have more rights than the Native American People. so we either have to learn to use the white-man's tools against themselves or talk to our legal advisors.

Tom Dess,
Asst. Editor.

****

"Come ON People, Ride the Railroad"

"GOOD WORDS, BROKEN PROMISES"

I have shaken hands with a great many friends, but there are some things I want to know which no one seems able to explain. I cannot understand how the Government sends a man out to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then has him break the word he has just given. Such a Government has something wrong about it....

I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Good words do not last long until they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country, now overrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for my horses and cattle.

Good words do not give back my children. Good words will not make good the promise of your war chief, General Miles. Good words will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. Good words will not give my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves.

I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the Good words and all the broken promises. There has been too much talking by men who had no right to talk. Too many misinterpretations have been made. Too many misunderstandings have come up between the white men about the Indians. If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian, he can live live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. You might as well expect the rivers to run backward as that any man who was born free should be contented penned up and denied liberty to go where he pleases. If you tie a horse to a stake, do you expect he will grow fat? If you pen an Indian up on a small spot of earth and compel him to stay there, he will not be contented nor will he grow and prosper. I have asked some of the Great White Chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he will stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. they cannot tell me.

I only ask of the government to be treated as all other men are treated. If I cannot go to my own home, let me have a home in the country where my people will not die so fast.

(continued)

I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the other white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live.

We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If an Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If a white man breaks the law, punish him also.

Let me be a free man-free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself-and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty.

Chief Joseph

****

SPRING DEW

Now is the newborn time of year. Tenderly I love its comin -in to-being Life that swells in buds, swells in my heart, The kiss of death lie[illegible]ant in my blossom. A sudden gentle lift and rhythm turns to eager strength;

A playful, tingling sensation, Bubbling, babbling, blowing through my leafage. I can think of nothing newer than pure innocence, and this [illegible] the shyness of a two-year-old, the boundless romping of a fawn.

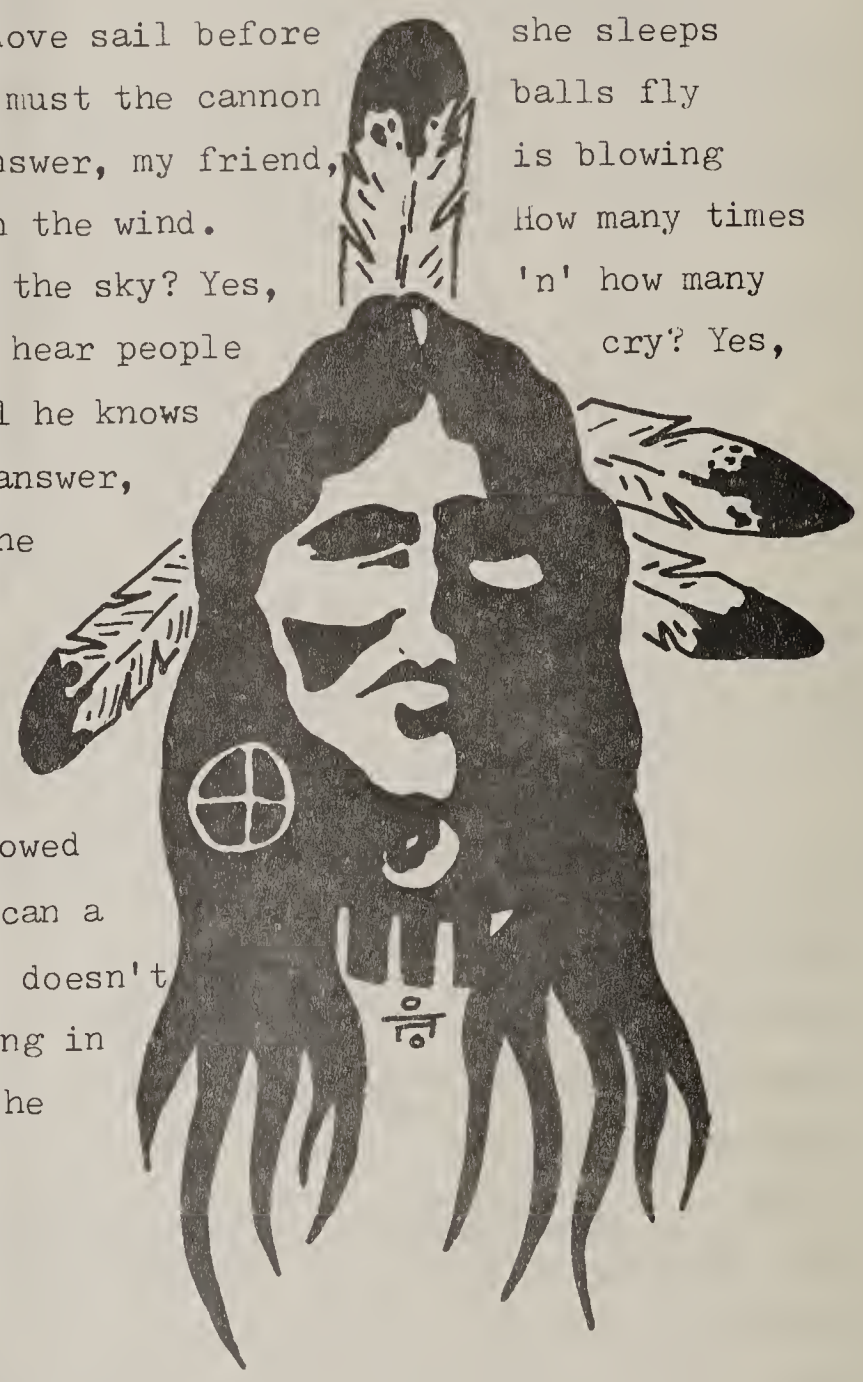
I must spring into space, Bleep at the moon; Spend my springtime drive against eternity then die complete.

Ted Palmanteer

"BLOWIN' IN THE WIND"

How many roads must a man walk down before you call him a man? Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand? Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned? The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind, The answer is blowing in the wind. How many times must a man look up before he can see the sky? Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have before he can hear people cry? Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows that too many people have died? The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind, The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist before it's washed to the sea? Yes, 'n' how years can some people exist before they're allowed to be free? Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head pretending he just doesn't see? The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind, The answer is blowing in the wind.



Bob Dylan

****

"EAGLE FLIGHT"

An eagle wings gracefully through the sky.
On the earth I stand and watch. My heart flies with it.

Standing Bear

You have driven me from the East to this place, and I have been here two thousand years or more....My friends, If you took me away from this land it would be very hard for me. I wish to die in this land, I wish to be an old man here.... I have not wished to give even a part of it to the Great Father, though he were to give me a million dollars, I would not give him this land.... when people want to slaughter cattle they drive them along until they get them into a corral, and then they slaughter them.

So it was with us.... My children have been exterminated; my brother has been killed.

Standing Bear of the Poncas

****

In the Spirit of Crazy Horse

Peter Matthiessen has thoughtly produced a book of Crazy Horse, a sad and detailed look at an unromantic part of the Wild West legacy. Crazy Horse was the 19th Century Dakota Sioux who liked to point out that the white man and the Bureau of Indian Affairs had a keen sense of real-estate values. This book is about his modern counterparts in the American Indian Movement of the seventies, primarily those on the huge Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota, and the old attitudes that punish them.

In blunt terms, this is an account of assissinations and frame-ups of militant Indians, including Leonard Peltier, the A.I.M. leader who was convicted of murder.

(continued)

Matthiessen exposes questionable pratices, in and out of court, to support his persuasive assertion that there is more than edginess rampant in the Native American community today.

From his vantage point, we aren't going to heal our wounded knees.

Lo, the poor Indian, again.

****

"Essentially an Abomination"

In an open hearing held by a Congressional Commitee, a congressman described the United States Secretary of the Interior as "Essentially an Abomination". Seldom has such a severe epithet been directed against a major leader of the American Government. But James Watt, in the view of most Indian leaders and majority of the Indian people, is considered just that.

The decision of the two major Indian organizations to demand Watt's replacement truly reflects the desire of the Indian people and the fears of this society as a whole. This man is certainly not an economist. He is not an historian. He is not knowledgeable in Indian law, except as it may be twisted to conform to his twisted notions. He is no administrator, judging from the way his various divisions are working. Watt knows little or nothing about American Indian treaties, American Indian history, or American Indian culture.

(continued)

He certainly does not know, or refuses to understand current Indian issues or governments. Watt is quoted as saying " If you want an example of the failures of socialism, don't go to Russia, go to the Indian reservations. Nonsense! What his government has been exercising is a form of colonialiam, a form of semi fascism, a domination second only to that of imperialistic systems of government. What we have on the Indian reservations and in the Indian tribes is democracy despite federal inter ference. The history of the tribes is filled with frustration, poverty, domination, colonialisn, virtual captivity and in some cases actual captivity (Navajo removal).

What we have had is the rape of our land, the removal of our people to lands strange to them, and the failure of the government to fulfill its promises and keep to the word and spirit of its sacred treaties. Watt retreated from his former statements. Actually, according to a statement made off the cuff in that particular interview, Watt was asked what he would do if the Indians were taken off the reservations, as he proposed to do. He replied, "I think they should be relocated to the urban centers where they can learn how to integrate into the society and make a decent living." Watt enjoys a two-toned forked tongue. He is a liar, a purveyor of the twisted nonfact, a man who has no conscience and no values in politics.

He is President Reagan's guided missle, doing Reagan's dirtiest work. Both these men cannot be trusted, because they do not tell the truth, promise one thing then do the opposite. The facts are there and we are preparing documentation of these charges. Watt should be summarily dismissed from his position. Also, he should take his flunkey, Assistant Secretary Ken Smith, along. Watt proposes to "free the Indians." WHAT HE IS REALLY PROPOSING, by his very actions, is to free the Indians from their remaining lands, and first of all from their natural resources. In this regard he has the support and indeed is the actual leader of a termination movement that has its epicenter in the northwest.

****

EL RENO, Okla. (NC)- Through the early evening quiet, the sound carried, a rhythmic, almost hypnotic chant, a chorus of many voices. It came from a large tepee in which 20 or more young Indian men sat crossed legged around a pit filled with fiery pumice stones. Steam from poured water rose from the stones until the men's skins glistened with sweat and the heat inside the tepee was intense. The young men were taking part in a traditional American Indian purification ceremony, the sweat lodge. It took place, however, not on an Indian reservation, but at the Federal Correctional Institution in El Reno, where they are prisoners. The institution is a high security prison for men who have committed serious crimes involving force.

Oblate Father Robert C. Allanbach, the prison chaplain, arranged to hold the sweat lodge ceremony. He persuaded the administration to permit the sweat lodge and every month he brings in a qualified medicine man to help conduct the ceremony. "For many of the indian prisoners here, it is an important part of their religion," Father Allanbach said, "especially those who belong to the Native American Church." In arranging for the ceremony, Father Allanbach is carrying out a fundamental responsibility of all chaplains in the Federal Bureau of Prisons system to offer pastoral care and appropriate worship services to inmates of all religions. "I do the same thing for Catholics, Protestants, Buddhists, Muslims, Rastifarians-what-ever religions there are in the prison census at any given time," he said. But it is clear that American Indians have become a special concern of his. Although indians make up only a little more than a half of one percent of the U.S. population, the number of indian prisoners in the El Reno institution averages about five percent of the total number of inmates. Because tney were living on reservations, under federal jurisdiction, they were sent to a federal institution, rather then a state institution.

At any given time, there may be 50 to 60 indian prisioners, mostly from Western tribes. Oklahoma indians are seldom sent to the El Reno institution however, because the state, despite a large American Indian Population, has no federal trust reservations. Father Allanbach's concern for American indians stems partly from the tradition of his religious order, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, whose mission has been to help disadvantaged or disenfranchised people- "the abandoned of the earth," as he put it.

(continued)

He said American Indians are in that category. "They are the most depressed people as a race that I have ever worked with," he said. "They have been told for over a hundred years that they are no damned good. They have had their land taken away, their religion taken away, their language taken away, their pride taken away." "They are lonely," Father Allanbach said of the indian prisoners under his pastoral care. "It is hard for them to express themselves toward others, to make gestures of friendship, to seek companionship." Father Allanbach said the reason for this may be the low esteem which many indians, especially those who have suffered the additional defeat of being imprisoned, have for themselves. They are afraid of rejection if they reach out to others.

Oblate Father Robert C. Allanach, chaplain at the Federal Correctional Institution in El Reno, Okla., talks with a young Indian prisoner. [NC photo by Paul Conklin]

Father Allanbach said he attacks these self-image problems by encouraging the indian prisoners to learn as much as they can about their tribal roots. He does this through weekly discussion groups in which Indian prisoners who are more knowledgeable about the customs and traditions of their tribes talk with the others and answer questions. He also brings in specialists in indian history. Most important, the indian inmates learn that Father Allanbach takes seriously their desire to learn more about their traditional spiritual concepts. No matter what the indian prisioner's formal religion may be, the priest believes that it can only be beneficial to them to learn more about the ancient spiritual traditions of their tribes.

****

"THE INDIAN IN WHITE AMERICA"

The American Indian today lives in a world controlled by white men, a world that degrades, alienates and destroys him. He remains the inheritor of defeat, a stranger in his homeland, prisoner of a world that grinds out new injustices and indignities day by day. Documenting this are countless stories reported by dozens of citizens Advocate Center researchers, who logged tens of thousands of miles in a ten-month investigation.

* In a state of Washington public school, an Indian child objected to the American-history texbook that called her ancestors "dirty savages." the girl was summarily expelled from the school as "uncontrollable."

* At Devil's Lake Reservation, North Dakota, welfare workers in some instances have forcibly removed Indian children from their mothers and placed them with white families. Other Indian adults are afraid to speak out for fear they will lose their children, too.

The life the indian leads is not his to control. Government does that job, and the kingpin of the system is the Bureau of Indian Affairs, an agency of the U.S. Department of the Interior. From birth to death, the Indian's home, land, schools, jobs, stores where he shops, the tribal counsel that governs him, the opportunities available to him, the way in which he spends his money and disposes of his trust property are all determined by the BIA. It is his realtor, banker, teacher, social worker, police department, waterworks, power company, ambassador and spokesman to and from the outside world. Even the 200,000 Indians who live off reservations are heavily influenced by its pervasive presence. Only the Indians have a persistent interest in their own improvement. For the rest of the Nation, it is merely a nagging matter of conscience. what is needed, therefore, is a new problem-solving process which parts with past tradition, which places all initiative in Indian hands and which broadens the opportunity for continuous participation by indians in shaping their own destinies. Without this opportunity-which is, after all, integral to American democracy.

Edgar S. Cahn

****

To The Legion Of Dead

You say "name your passion" We can in one line A killer, so bloody by the name of wine. It has taken so many in thirty years time it creeps up and gets you this killer of wine. It comes at first sweetly , Tart, chilled, so fine Rose, Dark Port, Cherry, White, light, sparkling wine. I know a legion of dead even in my short time they come and left so quickly with a killer named wine. I cry my tears,softly when I think of those times the many good people who left with the wine. Be careful, watch out when it comes to mind so many people gone with a killer named wine.

Kenneth E. Ryan

****

I Pray For My Wife
Diana Muniz

Diana if you can hear me please listen today. For I'm lonely and broken hearted and your so far away. You know that I loved you for you was my wife to love, honor and cherrish for all my life. what I have done to you I know was a sin, But I couldn't help thinking you was with other men. What you done to me that brought about me taking your life will forever always stay in my heart. Please forgive me Diana, I ask you in prayer and may God bless and keep you until I meet you there. I'll always be by your side when I'm out of here, to bring you roses and flowers and sit by your side and always say a prayer. For you'll always be in my heart and you know I really care, God bless you my dear wife. Just wait for me and someday I'll be their, for you are my enternal wife.

I must have been insane!

****

Celebration

Almost a quarter of a century has gone by since I have gone to a celerbration to pray to the Great and Holy Spirit in the tongue. To lie in the grass, the moss, the leaves to look up into his overwhelming magnificence. The singing rising - soaring winds flowing through the sage, the buffalo grass, the praries eye and heart sweeping the horizon, rising through the sky, descending down the mountian sides. The beating of the drum, the swaying of the wind through the pine and thetamarack joining the ceaseless movement of the human heart. Children laughing - running eyes snapping with fun and with delight. The music of the drum - the steps of the dancers shades between each leaf of a tree, the intricate, forever-connecting web of the decaying leaf. Singing sometimes with the carass of a newly fallen leaf on a cheek sometimes with a narrow blade of a winter wind across a mountiantop sometimes even with the razor feel of a bare foot falling through a cornsnow crust. Children flitting, skimming, dancing leaping forever curious forever laughing and bringing laughter, Dancing the young and old and the not-so-old in the circle of all life. each in his own pattern.

Singing rising to the heavens with the exultations of eagles ascending, Singing rising and falling and circling and intertwining with the beauty of two hawks mating. Kenneth Ray fierce magnificent all of the great Raptors with their grace their elegance their color their freedom their controle their pride their unconquerable souls their loyalty to the death. The joy of seeing faces smile the joy of seeing families and friends wrapped in the warmth and love and joy of each other, loneliness dissolved, shredded souls healed the strands of life renewed. To smile with the heart to laugh from the soul to love with the spirit, to give thanks, to offer praise, to love the Great Spirit. To sing to dance, to play the drum, to talk, to listen to be with lovers and family, to give thanks, to conquer - to transcend.

(continued)

Into a prison gymnasium came the unbarred blue of the sky the unfettered floating of the clouds. the untouched whiteness of a first snow. the caress of an uncaptured breeze through the bluebunch, the scent of the pines newly uncovered from the snow. Into this prison gymnasium came the magnificence, the beauty, the fierceness, the pride, the oneness, the spirit, the incominatable, soaring soul of the people. Into prison came the Great and Holy Spirit to bless his people, to bring them harmony, joy, peace, love, laughter and the power to endure - the power to prevail. Into Montana State Prison came the dawn of the circle "in everything where power moves."

K. Simons

****

"Prison"

I'm spending my life in prison, thinking of when I'll be free, and while I'm still here waiting, loneliness keeps working on me. It tears my heart out and it's easy to see, how this loneliness keeps working on me. While in my mind I'm thinking of the things that used to be, of the happiness and the days I was free. But my thoughts now can't keep the hurting from me. While my loneliness is still inside of me, And yet I'm always thinking of when I'll be set free, and while I'm waiting, loneliness keeps working on me, It tears my heart out, and it's easy to see, how this loneliness keeps working on me, how this loneliness keeps working on me.

Tony La Mere

****

Old Man, The Sweat Lodge

"This small lodge is now alive, The womb of our mother, Earth. The blackness in which we sit, The ignorance of our impure minds, These burning stones are the coming of a new life." Near my heart I place his words. Naked, like an infant at birth, I crouch, Cuddled upon fresh straw and boughs. Confessing, I recall all evil deeds. For each sin I sprinkle water on fire-hot stones; Their hissing is a special song and I know the place from which Earth's seeds grow is alive.

Old Man, the Sweat Lodge heals the sick; Brings good fortune to one deserving. Sacred steam rises-vapor fills my very being- My pores slime out their dross. After chanting prayers to the Great Spirit, I lift a blanket to the East; Through this door dawns wisdom. Cleansed, I dive into icy waters.

Pure, I rinse away unworthy yesterday. "My son, walk straight in this new life. Youth I help to retain in you. Return soon. Vist an old one. Now, think clean, feel clean, be happy." I thank you, Old Man, the Sweat Lodge.

Phil George

****

Monument in Bone

The Sun and I now honor you, Bleaching buffalo bones. To Mother Earth return in dust. I tilt your skull towards Sun Father- round like the Never-ending circle. Around your bones four times, I dance. Rest, for none is waste. I hungered for you; Honor I now pay you.

Phil George

****

Legal Information

On Thursday April 22, 1983 a delegation of Indian prisoners representing the North American Indian League met with several law students and their Director Margery Brown, from the Indian Law Clinic located at the University of Montana, Missoula, Montana.

The purpose of the meeting was to establish a understanding and improve working relations which were highly evident upon the conclusion of the meeting. In the near future Indian prisoners will be informed of the specific duties and requirements of the clinic. The Defender Project also a student legal resourse will also inform N.A.I.L. concerning their requirements on representation in criminal matters.

During the course of the meeting yours truly presented several questions on: Paranoia of Indian prisoners; Trust in law students; Failure of law students to understand the very unique problems concerning that path that led us here; a solution suggested was to establish a legal workshop tentatively scheduled for the fall quarter of classes at the prison.

Although the Indian clinic is unable to research and perform criminal matters, they seemed to be dedicated and helpful in providing assistance and knowledge toward improvement of the law library for future use by Indian prisoners.

Since my arrival here I have seen and discovered the injustice recieved by Indians from State Courts and lawyers. These procedures could be curtailed and prevented through the knowledge we recieve by our attendance at the upcoming classes. We all know and should realize we must work together.

Kermit Belgard
Legal Advisor

Note: We appreciate Mr. Tim Humphrey's efforts in planning the arrangments for this meeting.

- NOTICE -

The Hunter has advertising spaces available. Advertisments will be published for one full year. Prices for advertising will be as follows:

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- THE HUNTER -

The Hunter Staff would like to inform future subscribers that the Hunter Editions will be priced at $2.50 an issue. Yearly subscriptions will be $10.00.

The Hunter will be published on a quarterly basis. Send checks or money orders payable to the North American Indian League, c/o Hunter, P.O. Box 7, Deer Lodge, Montana 59722

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Be sure to send correct address or change of address to the Hunter. we hope you will enjoy reading our newsletter and if you have any articles that you would like to share with us, Please don't hesitate to send them to the Hunter. Thank you and may the Great Spirit bless the Minds and Hearts of our readers!!!!!

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An Indian's Plea

The system, what exactly is the system? We the Indians, are seperated from the white mans' system. Why do we continue to sit by and watch these people control our lives? Our brother's, sister's, the fathers before us, we made this our nation, a home, to which they can contaminate, reconstruct and graze upon.

They poison our system with their alcohol, that was their Judi-system. We are all imprisoned on our land, and then they wonder why the native people have a high alcohol rate. My sister was killed by a white man in his vehicle, and the killer went free. Where was the judicial system when we needed it then? My brother (Dale Chippewa) did not intentionally cause this accident in the Davis case.

If the courts were to look into it more carefully that it was an accident and not intentional, rather than talking to Dale Chippewa like he was a savage with no moral values. We feel that he was given an unfair trial and discriminated against, why did they pick an Indian at random for an example against D.W.I.? When you read the newspaper, the judges, doctors, or lawyers were given tickets, fines or dismissed for D.W.I. thats your lax judicial system.

All we know is that Dale Chippewa will be emotionally scared for the rest of his life, for some thing he did not do intentionally. That's enough punishment for anyone's conscience. I hope this letter helps those who have been discriminated against, realize that there is a lax system, regardless how you look at it.

I lament over what has happened with all my sincere regards, I close this letter with a prayer! "May my brother find peace of mind through the lord and Mr. Davis rest in peace with the lord. May God handle all anger and grief". "AMEN".

Lorna Chippewa

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NOTICE TO DALE CHIPPEWA

Don't believe it, George Washington is not the father of our COUNTRY!!!!!!!!!!!!

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Miss Indian Rodeo 1983

Teri Loring's great grandfather raised cavalry horses famed for charging at break neck speed. Maybe thats why Lorings' best rodeo event is barrel racing. Other parts of her heritage are importamt to her new job as Miss Rodeo America 1983.

She wore her great grandmother's ceremonial buckskin dress of traditional Blackfeet design in the costume class of competition. she also was judged on horsemanship, poise, personality and appearance. As Miss Indian Rodeo America 1983, Loring represents all tribes within the United States and Canada.

"My job is to go to rodeos in every region and promote Indian rodeos", she said, "It could be pushing out calves or doing televison shows", "It's alot up to me how to get it done". Loring is a third year student at Montana State University majoring in agbusiness. she hopes to be an agriciltural loan officer in a bank once out of school, but she wants to continue rodeoing as long as she can.

Starting in her first ladies competition at six years old in Browning, rodeo is too much apart of her to give up. "I'm going to do it the rest of my life". she said, "I love the people and the traveling".

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"SMOKER AT M.S.P. FEB 13, 1983"

RED CORNER	WEIGHT CLASS	BLUE CORNER
1.) TONY LEMERE M.S.P.	137 lbs.	JOE GARCIA * U-D BILLINGS
2.) EMIL LONGNECK M.S.P. * U-D	137 lbs.	DEWEY SKOLD SWAN RIVER
3.) FORREST SPEAR * R.S.C. 55 sec. 3rd M.S.P.	145 lbs.	FRED HANAWAY THERMOPOLIS, WYO.
4.) MIKE SHIRTLIFF M.S.P.	163 lbs.	MITCH WOOD * R.S.C. 1:53 3rd SWAN RIVER
5.) DAN EDMONSON * R.S.C. 55 sec. 3rd M.S.P.	150 lbs.	STEVE HANAWAY THERMOPOLIS, WYO.
6.) BLAZE MARTELL M.S.P. * S-D	145 lbs.	GENE CANON SWAN RIVER
7.) MANNY LUCERO M.S.P.	122 lbs.	DON BELCOURT * U-D BILLINGS
8.) MIKE RYAN SWAN RIVER	220 lbs.	TIM GATES * R.S.C. 35 sec. 1st. BILLINGS
9.) RICHARD IRVINE M.S.P.	178 lbs.	JACK KNETTLE * S-D BILLINGS
10.) KEN COMESLAST M.S.P. * S-D	132 lbs.	MONDO DELAO BILLINGS
11.) CURTIS CRAZYBOY M.S.P. * U-D	162 lbs.	TERRY FOWLER SWAN RIVER
12.) BOB GONYEA * R.S.C. 20 sec. 1st. M.S.P.	160 lbs.	DON OLSON BILLINGS
13.) RANDY CHANDLER M.S.P. * S-D	145 lbs.	JOHN EDWARDS BILLINGS
14.) GARY LEMERE M.S.P.	HYWT	DOUG BUSH * R.S.C. 1:58 sec. 3rd. MISSOULA
JUDGES	TIME KEEPER	REFEREE'S
E.A. SOLLE, GLEN GRANGER JOHN FELDIE, BOB MACAUGHLIN/	JOHN RADFORD	GARY LEMERE, JOSE' CHAVES ADRIAN MAHSEELAH, JOHN SCOTT

INTRA-MURAL BASKETBALL

FINAL TEAM STANDINGS PRIOR TO THE TOURNAMENT

DAVE AZURE'S	14-0
CHIEF MAHSEELAH'S	11-3
DIXON CURLEY'S	8-6
PETE SANDCRANE'S	7-7
MIKE MICHELL'S	6-7
MIKE MATTIX'S	4-9
KEN COMESLAST'S	2-10
MOSES GRAVES	2-12

TOURNMENT RESULTS AS FOLLOWES:

1st.	DAVE AZURE'S	4-0
2nd	CHIEF MAHSEELAH'S	3-2
3rd	MIKE MATTIX'S	3-2
4th	PETE SANDCRANE'S	2-2
	DIXON CURLEY'S	1-2
	MIKE MICHELL'S	1-2
	MOSES GRAVES	0-2

TROPHIES WERE AWARDED TO THE 4th, 3rd, 2nd PLACE TEAMS WHILE THE 1st PLACE TEAM RECIEVED A TROPHY AND EACH TEAM MEMBER WAS GIVEN A MEDAL.

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER- RANDY PRETTY WEASEL

HIGH SCORER- RAY CURLEY (22.7 ppg.)

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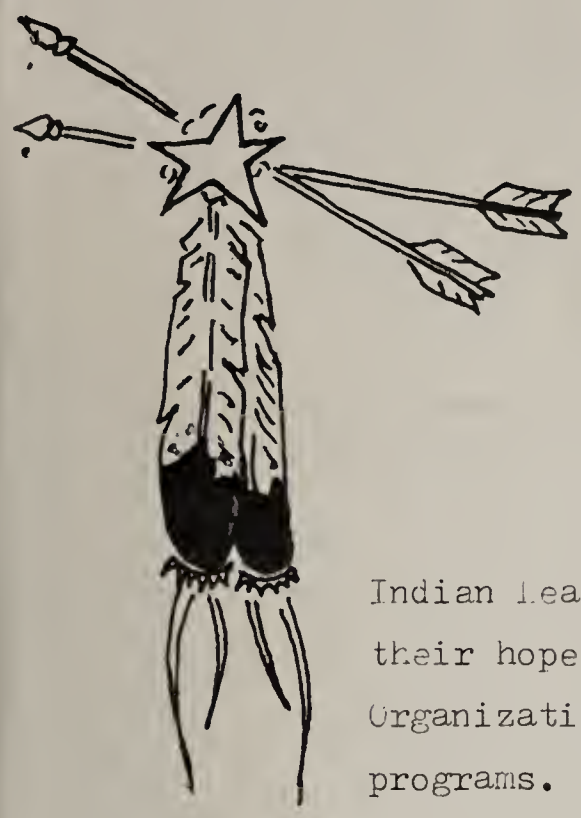

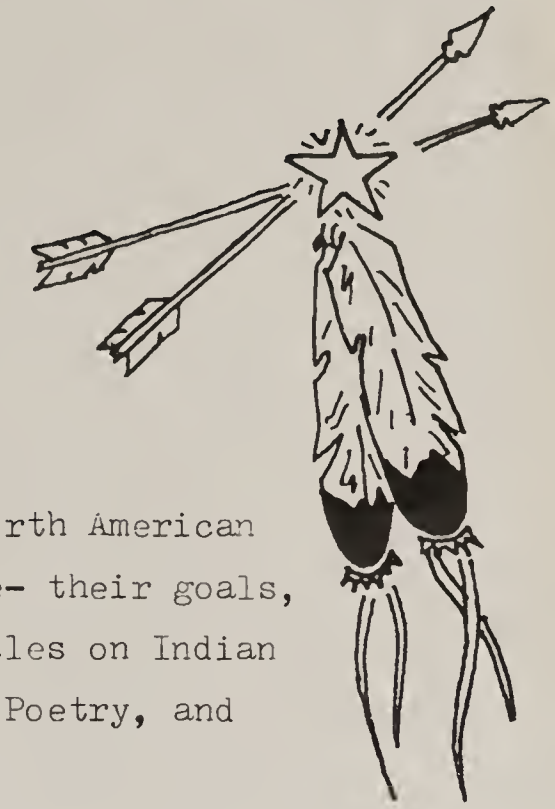

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The Hunter is our quarterly newsletter of the North American Indian League. The contents are mainly about Indian People- their goals, their hopes, their successes, the failures. Includes articles on Indian Organizations and Indian Culture, History,and Ceremonies; Poetry, and programs.

The Hunter is illustrated with drawings and photographs, some articles are also reprinted from other Indian periodicals.

N.A.I.L. is also concerned with the preservations of the Indian culture and bringing about better understanding of the Indian in our society in general. We want people out there to know that there are indians who are helping themselves in Prison until they are eventually released.

( ) Enclosed is $10.00 in check and/or money order for a one year (4 issues) subscription.

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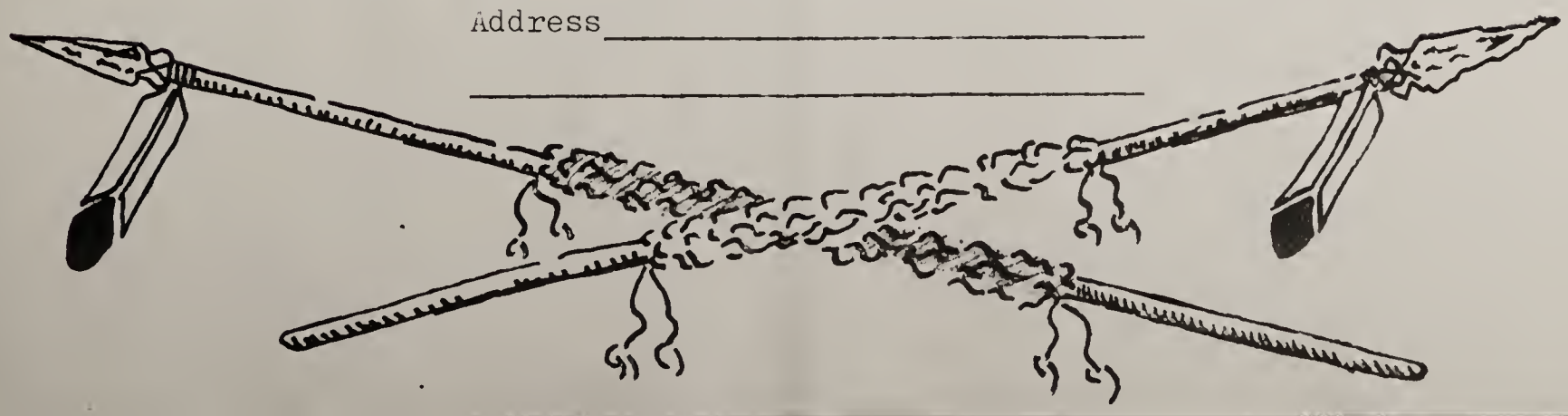

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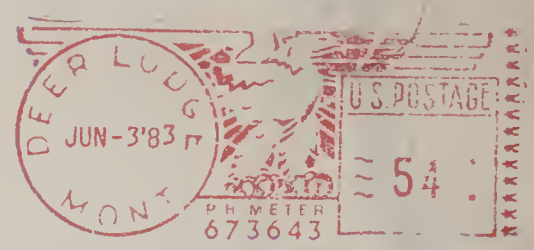

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